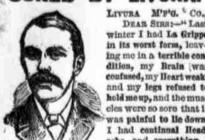
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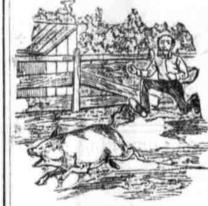
# SOME STRANGE STORIES

Remarkable Exploits of Wild and Domestic Animals.

A PIG PLAYS THE DETECTIVE

He Interrupts a Bank Robbery—How Baby Played With the Wildcat - A Grimly Bear's Whisky Shampoo-A Eurro's Onlet Joke.

The interesting narrative of a pig that prevented a bank from being robbed comes from Catawissa, Pa., a place where porkers are held in high esteem and every family supports a pig. John Hulshizer, a modest citizen, owns one, and when he heard an agonizing squeal just before dawn the other morning he repaired hastily to the pigsty. There he found his pampered protege caught fast in a hole in the sty. With ready sympathy Hulshizer proceeded to liberate the animal from its uncomfortable position, which liberation was no soone effected than the ungrateful pig started off townward at a very lively gait.



Hulshizer followed on a dead run, but did not succeed in overhauling the pig until the chase had led them to the door of the First National bank. There the perspiring and panting owner of the pig got close enough to grab it, and the pig instantly resumed its piercing and farreaching squeal. Citizen Hulshizer held fast to the pig and was about heading it for home when three men came tumbling helter skelter out of the bank and tore wildly away, soon disappearing in the darkness.

Strange as it may seem, Hulshizer was so taken up with the capture of his pig and concerned about getting it home that the incident of the men tumbling out of the bank did not strike him as of particular significance. He got his pig home and safely housed and went to bed again. Then, as his nerves became quiet, he got to thinkng about the men who had left the bank so hurriedly.

"Why, say," he thought by and by, "that nic scared them fellers so that they didn't take time to lock the bank door."

Then Citizen Hulshizer got up again and returned to the bank. The door was wide So he aroused a citizen living near open. So he aroused a citizen living near the bank. That citizen in attempting to come out of his door found his way blocked by strong wires that were strung from jamb to jamb. By this time others living n the immediate vicinity of the bank were aroused, and every door leading out of their houses was found obstructed by wires. It was broad daylight before any examination was made of the bank. The outer door had been opened by means of holes that had been drilled through it near the lock, so that the bolts were readily moved. The vault door had been opened by drilling, and the safe in the vault was bored through, and, as the bankers declared when they came, would have opened to the efforts of the burglars in five minutes more. There was \$60,000 in bank notes and coin in the safe. So the pig squeal was worth \$60,000 -to the bank-but at last accounts the owner of the pig had derived no profit from

the night's adventure. The Baby and the Wildcat.

A most singular incident, which goes to show that even the wildcat is capable of tender affection for the human species, is reported from Tulare county, Cal. On a warm day recently Mrs. Edwards, the wife of a rancher, left her 3-year-old child asleep in a swinging chair under the trees while she applied herself to her household duties. A few minutes after the mother left the scene a wildcat which had been prowling about the neighborhood appeared and walked up to the child.

The beast's breath fanning her delicate

cheeks awoke the baby. She opened her big blue eyes and looked into the cruel yelw ones above her. The little thing was not frightened, as she did not know there was anything to be frightened at in this world. Baby thought the animal was very pretty and put out her hand and patted it on the head, at the same time lisping, "Pussy, pretty pussy." This had a pecul-iar effect on the wildcat, for the creature sat down quietly, while baby got out of her bed and came and sat down beside it. The child thought it had found a splendid playmate and was soon cuddling up close to

the treacherous animal. Aue cat liked it and began Hcking baby's face. The child was filled with joy and commenced to play. Very soon both were rolling over and over on the ground, hav-ing a splendid time. The wildcat seemed to enjoy the sport, and both were perfectly

happy.

The child crowed, laughed and shricked with happiness and soon attracted its mother's attention. She came to the door and took in the situation at a glance, but did not stop to think of what was best to do. She saw the child was not being hurt, but did not know how soon it would be, so she rushed out to pick it up and carry it into the house. But the wildcat objected to this and stood in front of the baby while the latter



BABY PLAYS WITH THE WILDCAT.

was playfully pulling its tail. But Mrs. Edwards rushed on, determined to have her child. When she got close, the beast jumped for her throat, but missed it and buried its

teeth and claws in her shoulder. Baby thought it was fun and laughed louder and louder. The pain and flowing blood caused the mother to fall to the ground, and then the wildcat returned to onthue its romp with the child.

It was all the woman could do to crawl into the house for the purpose of getting a gun, but when she arrived there found she could not reach the place where it was hanging and was too weak to get on a There was no use in thinking of the gun question, so she took a large butcher knife, intending to fight the beast to the

When she got outside again and saw th two still playing together, she thought she would call the child and then wondered way sue had not done it in the first place and saved herself the wounds. But haby was having too good a time and wouldn' The mother called and begged and told it what a terrible beast it was that she was playing with, but the child couldn't stand and called its mother to come and take part in the fun.

Once or twice the mother went near, but the beast was always ready, and the wom-nn's nerve felt shaky. She knew that if she only wounded the beast it would kill her, and then the child would be doomed sure. After mature consideration she concluded to sit near by and not make an attack unless the beast started to injure the child. Her wounds were bleeding freely, and she was getting weaker every moment Still she sat there ready to fight the moment the wildcat showed signs of treating the child differently.

She sat thus nearly an hour. The minntes seemed years, but at last a wagen was heard coming up the road, and the mother knew the child's father would soon be home. Her little experience had taught her to be careful, so she went to the front of the house and before Mr. Edwards got to the doorstep she stopped him and told him the story.

He got his rifle and ran to where the

child was. He found both lying down on the ground apparently asleep. A slight noise brought the wildcat to his feet, and at the same time Mr. Edwards raised the rifle to his shoulder. It was hard to get where there would be no danger of hitting the child, and he shot as he had never shot before, and when he pulled the trigger a bullet went into the wildcat's brain, and it rolled over dead.

The baby realized that something awful had happened to her friend and threw her-self on the dead body and commenced to cry, but in another instant she was pressed to her mother's breast, while tears of joy rained upon her face.

An Amateur Switchman

A California burro recently distinguished himself in a more signal manner than jack-asses usually do. A locomotive at Asphalt and jest as she got to the door I dropped her with a bullet through the head. switch was unlocked and the bar thrown down. Along came a mild eyed, inoffensive looking jackass-the cunning little things are all of that pattern-and began to rub against the switch bar, commencing at one ear, then gradually sliding down to the tail, then around on the other side, evidently intending to wind up by polishing



THE FATEFUL SCRATCH.

Suddenly the engine started, when Mas-ter Jackass, Jr., deftly crawled under the switchbar, thereby lifting it just enough to throw the rail out of lock. Then when the engine struck the loosened rails they spread, and there was the train stranded— a trainload of passengers, the force of trainmen, all hungry, nothing eatable in sight but the young jackass, nothing to cook him with, and grave doubts as to his flavor when caught. The train was delayed for several hours, and there was a hungry and angry lot of people when finally they all bade goodby to the new switch tender and started for home. Luckily there was po physical harm done, not even to the burro, although an effort will be made to give him a layoff for the season.

An Adventure With a Grizzly. Uncle Tom Jackson, one of the early settlers of Montana whose character is as picturesque as his language, recently re-lated this entertaining reminiscence to a

out hyar in Cheyenne county long in the seventies that I was prospectin for golddidn't find none, though—and I had me a leetle shanty up in the mount'ins apiece. One day in the deado' winter I went down to Loveridge's in the valley arter some provi-sions and powder and shot, and as a sorter afterthought a half gallon o' whisky in case I should git snake bit.

"Well, when I'd londed up I started back to the cabin on the mount'in, putty well bowed down what with the meat and such, and the bag o' powder, and the ball, and the jug, which war o'stone with a corncob the lig, which war o stone with a corneous stopper, and I had to go putty slow, and it war not till I got harf way up the mount in that I recklected that I'd left my gun at Loveridge's when loadin up, but I kinder hoped nothin wouldn't happen till I got home, whar I'd another gun. But just when you ain't prepared for it trouble is sho' to come, and arter awhile I came on

the tracks o' what I knowed war a grizzly.
"They war goin on ahead e' me, though and I hoped the critter would keep straight on. Howsomever, pretty soon I see some thin jest on a piece which I made out to be the b'ar, and were considerin whether hadn't better turn out and gin her the road when hyar she come. I screwed up my face and tried to look mighty p'lite as she drawed near, but she war not goin to have it that way, and counn up to me she stuck her head right in my face, a snuffin at me, and as bad luck would have it the bag of shot slid off'n my shoulder and fell on one o'

"I s'pect it burt her some, for she gin s growl and snapped at me, and like a fool fore I thought I hauled off with my fist and gin her a lick on the nose, and the ball opened up! She struck out at me with her big paw, with its long nalls like fishhooks and jest 'bout as sharp, and if I hadn't lept side she'd 'a' laid open my head. looked bout me then for a tree or somethin -the grizzly air the one ba'r that kain't climb-but thar warn't nothin 'cept a rock a few feet high, and I made for this and set my back 'ginst it.

"Hyar she come arter me a-growlin like mad, showin her long teeth and her eyes blazin like a mad pussy cat, I tell you I thought I was a goner, but I war goin to make a fight for it, and raisin the jug o whisky I brung it down on her head ker blang! and the lick broke it in a thousand pleces, sendin the liquor runnin down her head into her nose and her eyes, blindin her and settin her to sneezin like mad. Seein her in this fix and calklatin she was goin to give up the chase, I picked up my bags and started on a run for home, though ev'ry time I sorter stopped to git my breath I'd go to cussin the critter for gettin away with my liquor, though it war some comfort to think it warn't doin her 'smuch good as it would have me.



BRUIN'S WHISKY SHAMPOO. "When I got to the cabin, I loaded up for her, 'cause I reckoned she'd be arter me jest as soon as she could see, and I'd left her doin the best thing-it's curious how much sense critters has got—for her eyes, a-rub-bin the snow in 'em. And bime by hyar she come, and mad wasn't the name for it! She was fa'rly bilin over, and I thanked my stars I'd my weepon with me this pop,

"She war up in a second, and I kin tell you my heart stood as still as a balky hoss, but I fired my old Betsy Jane agin, and she rolled over dead with a hole plum through her heart."

A Life Saved by a Dog.

A man named Rothery, who was stopping at the Boar's Head tavern in Leeds, entrapped the cook (Mrs. Burrill by name) into a room, closed the door and suddenly drew a razor from his pocket and attempted to cut her throat. No human help was at hand, but while Mrs. Burrill was struggling with her assailant a black dog be-longing to the hotel who happened to be lying asleep under a couch in the room aroused himself, and springing upon the assassin seized him by the coat sleeve close to the wrist. This at once compelled the man to attempt to shake the animal off. Meanwhile he necessarily relaxed his hold upon the woman, who now found strength to call for help. Rothery, however, succeeded in releasing

himself, and once more he rushed at the woman, razor in hand. The dog, however, was still more nimble. He sprang between them and leaped to seize the fellow by the throat. It was at this moment that the landlady, having heard the screams, rushed to the door and got hold of the woman, whose egress was obstructed by the chair on which she had been sitting before she re-moved to the couch. With great presence of mind she dragged Mrs. Burrill out, and closing the door shut the man in the room with the dog. Thereupon Rothery cut his own throat and died in a few minutes.

The Prairie Chickens' Dance. It is related by Mr. John Worth that in some parts of the west in the springtime the prairie chickens (sharp tailed grouse) meet every morning at gray dawn in com-panies of from 6 to 20 and indulge in a dance which reminds him strongly of the Cree Indian dance. At first the birds stand about in ordinary attitudes, resembling people at a ball before the music be gins, when suddenly one of the cocks low ers his head, spreads out his wings nearly borizontally and his tail perpendicularly. distends his air sacs and erects his feathers, then rushes noross the "floor." taking the

shortest or steps, but stamping his feet so hard and so rapidly that the sound is like that of the kettledrum. At the same time he utters a sore of bubbling crow, which seems to come from his air sacs, beats the air with his wings and vibrates his tall so that he produces a loud, rustling noise, and thus becomes a really astonishing spec-

Soon after one commences all the cocks join in, rattling, stamping, drumming, crowing and dancing together furiously. Louder and louder the noise, faster and fast-er the dance becomes until at last they madly whirl about, leaping over each other in ex-citement. After a brief spell the energy of the dancers begins to abate, and shortly afterward they cease and stand or move about very quietly until they are again started by one of their number leading off, as human dancers are observed to do dur ing the intervals of rest between their performances.

Treed by a Wild Hog.

A young woodchopper named George Ellis started out recently in the foothills of the Coast range in California in quest of wild hogs which he proposed to convert in-to fresh pork. He traveled all day through mud, alop and rain, looking with anxious eyes for the roving swine, and just as the shades of night began to settle over the lonesome canyons Ellis espied an old sow eating pine roots. She loomed up before the young hunter like an Alaska elephant, Ellis brought his rifle to his shoulder in the trepidation of the moment and fired. But, alas, being excited, he missed. The sow made a dash for the hunter, and the hunter sped for a tree, reaching it a moment in advance of his porcine adversary. Ellis remained in the tree all night and was thoroughly soaked in a drenching rain that came up during his stay there. He has con-cluded to buy his bacon hereafter.

STAGE GLINTS.

Emma Vaders has replaced Lavinia Channon in the company of Frank Hen

Sam Collins, who has been playing in "The Black Crook," has joined "The Isle

of Champagne." Mme, Cottrelly has been engaged by Manager John H. Russell as a member

of Russell's Comedians next season. Dr. George W. Purdy, Fanny Rice's husband and manager, sailed for Europe recently in search of a new play for his

Actors are very particular about their names. Henry Miner will not see any one who calls for Harry Miner, and Thomas Q. Seabrooke is very fond of his Q.

Joseph Grismer and wife (Phœbe Davies) will summer in San Francisco. Their next season's tour with "The New South," however, will probably be opened

Henry Irving and his company will sail for America on Aug. 15. Their fares from London to San Francisco, where they will open their American tour, amount to over \$11,000.

Marcus R. Mayer has sailed for Europe and will be absent about two months. He is going to engage artists for the Patti company and will visit Mme. Patti at Craig-y-Nos castle.

The name of Hoyt's new play is "The Milk White Flag." There is nothing in the title to indicate the subject matter of the play, but Mr. Hoyt has his reasons for bestowing this title upon his work.

T. Henry French says that he expended nearly \$30,000 on "The Prodigal Daughter," and the amount required every week to run the stage will be about \$4,000. The manager hopes to get all of his money back and more besides, of course. He has decided to keep the drama on the stage of the American theater, New York, during the summer.

TURF TOPICS.

Nelson, 2:10, and Directum, 2:111, are about the only present first class stallions that will do much racing this sea-

A bill is now before the Michigan legislature providing for the licensing and registering of stallions. The license is to be conditional on soundness.

Doble is making no engagements for Nancy Hanks just now and will not do so until he has learned what he may expect her to do this year. She is in good condition. There are 591 entries all told for the

annual meeting of the New England Trotting Horse Breeders' association, for which \$17,500 in purses and stakes have been hung up. General Miles' fine bay mare has a nice looking bay colt by Palo Alto, 2:084

with a marked characteristic of some of the general's exploits. On his neck is a perfect tomahawk in white. As a rule, a double gaited horse is faster as a pacer than as a trotter. Had Smug-

gler, 2:151; Edwin Forrest, 2:18, and Bonesetter, 2:19, been permitted to take their chosen gait they would doubtless have been great pacers. Dr. Wackley of London, editor of The Lancet, owns the great prize winning

mare Drab, now on her way to be exhibited in the English hackney class at the World's fair. During her stay she will be bred to Allerton. By July 15 the Saranac and Lake Placid road will be completed. The line

will be 10 miles long and will extend from a point on the Adirondack and St. Lawrence to Saranac lake, thence to Lake Placid. It will be a new line for tourists to the Adirondack mountains.

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